

## The Bloomfield Record.

### American Advantages over Paris.

On an average we dress better, fare better, sleep softer and combat the cold in Winter and the heat in the Summer with more scientific persistency than do any of the so-called luxurious nations of Europe. Take, for instance, the matter of heating and lighting. A few of the leading hotels in Paris and a small minority among the most expensive suites of private apartments have gas introduced into all the rooms, but as a general thing it is confined to the public rooms, and the unfortunate wight who longs to see beyond the end of his nose is forced to wrestle with dripping candles and unclean lamps, known only by tradition in our native land. The gaslight, which is a common necessity in the simplest private dwelling in an American city, is here a luxury scarcely attainable save by the wealthiest. And we do not know how precious our gaslight is till we have lost it. To sit in a dim parlor where four lighted candles struggle vainly to dispel the gloom, to dress for opera or ball by the uncertain glimmer of those greasy delusions, is enough to make one forewear all the luxuries of Paris, and flee homeward forthwith.

Then in Winter comes the question of warmth. What is more delusions than to plunge from the ice-champagne atmosphere of a sparkling Winter's day in America into the next-like, all pervading warmth of an American home? Here such comfort is wholly unknown. The cold, though less severe than with us, is damp, raw and insidious, and creeps under wraps with a treacherous persistency that nothing can shut out. The ill fitting windows, opening in the cold door-like fashion, let in every breath of the chill outer air. A fire is a handful of sticks or half a dozen lumps of coal. The calorifer, a poor substitute for our powerful furnaces, is a luxury for the very rich—an innovation grudgingly granted to the whims of the occupants of the most costly and fashionable of private apartments. Warmth, our cozy, all-pervading warmth is a Winter luxury that we leave behind us with the cheerful light of our universal gas burners. In summer we sorely miss the cold, pure, ice water of our native land, and we long for it with a thirst which *in ordinaria* and Bavarian beer are powerless to assuage. The ill tasting lime-stone-tinted water of Paris is a poor substitute for our sparkling draughts of Schuylkill or Croton. Ice pitchers, water coolers and refrigerators are unknown quantities in the sum total of Parisian luxuries.

The "cup of cold water" which the traveler in our country finds gratuitously supplied in every waiting room, and railway station, every steamboat, every car and every hotel, is here something that must be specially sought for, and paid for at an exorbitant price. Ice can be purchased only in small quantities for immediate consumption. Ten cents for a few lumps swimming in water on a tepid plate is the usual tariff for this our American necessity, this rare Parisian luxury. Nor do all the delicate artifices of French cookery suffice wholly to replace for an American palate the delicacies of his native land. The buckwheat cakes and waffles, the delicately flavored, luscious oysters, the canavass-back ducks, the Philadelphia croissants and terrapin, find no substitutes on this side of the water. The delicious shad and Spanish mackerel have no gastronomic rivals in these waters, and the sole must be accepted by them. We miss too, our profusion and variety of vegetables, our stewed and stuffed tomatoes, green corn, oyster plants and sweet potatoes.—*Lip-pincott's for February.*

### Gen. Fremont and Sam. Ward.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times* attributes the following anecdote of Samuel Ward to Colonel Fremont. The veteran pathfinder, handsome, courtly, and on the silvery side of sixty, is temporarily in Washington. Says he:

"After several Winters in Washington, I concluded to recuperate one Summer—I think it was in 1859—by one of my solitary jaunts through the California wilderness. Toward the middle of a bright day I found myself near a river, which I desired to cross. I had previously learned that there was a rude ferry in the neighborhood. California ferries were then mostly kept by some hard-up chap, who would build a little cabin near the river side, where he would live and attend to his few customers. Presently I saw such a cabin a little way ahead. Approaching it, the occupant saw me and opened the door. I doubted my eyes, but was soon assured that it was Sam Ward. B. force I could find tongue he had by the hands in polite delight, exclaiming:

"My dear general. So glad to see you! Come right in. I have just caught a snub, and was sighing only a moment ago that no gentleman was here to rescue it with me."

"He served the fish in noble style," continued Fremont, "and was one of the most memorable and enjoyable repasts of my whole life. Two Winters after I was in Washington again, where I found Sam recovered from the depression of fortune which had made him a California ferryman, and as joyfully mysterious as ever, with the biggest men of this country and Europe partaking regularly of his wondrous dinners."

A gentleman who wedded a young lady in her teens desires to offer a word of caution against such very early marriages. He says it is productive of an uncomfortable feeling to have your wife, no matter how amiable and lovely, going around among her schoolmates bragging about her possession of a husband as if he were a new doll.

### Alfonso at School.

A writer in *Appleton's Journal* says, in speaking of Alfonso: "The young King is not a bad-looking fellow, but he looks too much like his precious mother to give one much confidence in the strict rectitude of his conduct. I wonder if, in his diplomatic transactions with the United States, he will ever recall a *retraite* with sundry juvenile citizens of that country which marked the commencement of his career as a royal exile. Shortly after his lady-mother was sent flying she brought her sweet self and all the royal train to Geneva. She placed the present King at a certain well known boarding-school in that city. This school was largely patronized by Americans, and on the day of Don Alfonso's arrival sundry sturdy young republicans, seeing a sulky boy, lonely and disconsolate, were minded to be kind to him. So one of them stepped up to the moaning boy, gave him a friendly slap on the shoulder, and cried: 'Hello, Spain, come and play with us!' Whereupon the young gentleman drew himself up and informed his school-mates that he was a prince—that he was not to be called 'Spain' but 'Your Royal Highness'; that he was not to be touched by plebeian hands; and that he never associated with persons who were not royal or at least of noble blood. 'We'll prince you! you'll think the boys. So they treated the exiled heir to a good thrashing, by way of teaching him good manners, and his mother forthwith took him away from school."

### An Unhappy Attachment.

A painful scene occurred in a church in Bucks Township, Ohio, a few Sundays ago. The church had lately undergone repair. Among other improvements, a new coat of paint was placed on the pews, followed by a coat of varnish. The result was most pleasing to the eye; but, unfortunately, the varnish had been applied so late in the week that it had not had time to become hard before Sunday, when the congregation flocked to their seats. No apparent inconvenience was suffered until the clergyman was about to deliver the benediction, when the congregation were horrified to find that they were unable to stand up; they were glued, or rather varnished, to their seats.

They were seized with a kind of panic, all the more frightful because they were for the moment powerless; at last, by what seemed to be a simultaneous and Herculean jerk, they managed to tear themselves from their settings; but at what a sacrifice! The pews were literally covered with fragments of Sunday apparel. Shreds of silk, lawn, galico, broadcloth, and cassimere were left as souvenirs of the varnish used in beautifying that church, and the hapless congregation, rushing from the doors, hurried homeward with an expression on their faces as though their hearts were even more severely rent than their garments.

### An Old Superstition.

A sojourner at Frankfort-on-main, in Germany, had occasion to order a single bedstead. He says, "When it was brought home, I was surprised to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposite side, it being, in fact, quite plain. I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker, saying that when the head of the bedstead was placed against the wall of a room, the sides then showing would appear quite unlike—one ornamented and the other plain. At this, the maker expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a German custom and prejudice; 'for,' says he, 'in Germany single bedsteads are only placed sideways against a wall or partition, and only removed from this position, and placed with the head against the wall to receive a dead body.' And the worthy maker assured me that nowhere in Germany could a native be induced to sleep on a single bedstead, which had not its side placed against a wall or partition. The same objection does not hold against placing two single bedsteads side by side, with their heads against a wall." Another instance of the inherent superstition of humanity.

### Banks and Insurance.

#### ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

#### Bloomfield Savings Institution

Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, January 1, 1875:

ASSETS.

Loans on bond and mortgage, \$12,600.00  
Essex County bonds, 2,214.00  
Temporary Loan to C. U. S. Dist. 1,000.00  
Interest due and accrued, 320.30  
Safes and furniture, 1,650.95  
Cash, 19,454.45

LIABILITIES.

Depositors, including dividend pay., \$18,582.08  
Surplus, 872.37

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, ESSEX CO., S.S.:

Thomas C. Dodd, Treasurer of the Bloomfield Savings Institution, and Charles P. Dodd and Israel C. Ward, of the Finance Committee of said Institution, being duly sworn, do each depose and say that the foregoing is a true statement of the condition of the said Institution on the first day of January, 1875, according to the best of the knowledge and belief of the said deponents respectively.

Charles P. DODD,  
W. H. PETERS,  
Z. B. DODD,  
ISRAEL C. WARD,  
THOMAS C. DODD.

Swore to before me this 25th day of Jan., 1875.  
JOHN E. OAKES,  
Com. of Deeds.

### Bloomfield Odd's.

#### HAYES & TAYLOR,

Successors to HARGRAVES & HAYES, Glenwood Ave, and Washington Street, Bloomfield.

#### PLUMBING,

GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

#### Tin Sheet Iron and Copper Workers.

BRICK-SET and PORTABLE.

#### HOT AIR FURNACES,

Fire place Heaters, Brick-set and Portable Ranges, Stoves, &c.

#### BRASS, IRON, WOOD, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,

#### GAS FIXTURES,

Chandeliers, Brackets, &c.

#### Hardware, Tinware, Housekeeping Goods, &c., &c.

Jobbing and repairing prompt attended. All work guaranteed, and at the lowest prices.

### ESTABLISHED 1841.

#### JOSEPH B. HARVEY,

#### Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Worker,

Roofing, Leaders and Tin Ware,

Plumbing and Gas Fitting, also SHEET

LEAD, LEAD PIPE, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,

#### Ranges, Hot Air Furnaces,

Porcelain, Office and Cook Stoves, Hatters' Kettles, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Cisterns and Well Pumps.

The subscriber, calling attention to his business as above, and thankful for the patronage he has had for the past thirty-one years by the people of Bloomfield and adjacent towns and country, solicits a continuance of the same, trusting that a strict attention to all business entrusted to him, will merit their favor in the future as in the past.

JOSEPH B. HARVEY.

### N. H. DODD,

#### Carriages and Wagons

Built to Order.

ALSO

#### CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Trimming and General Blacksmithing.

Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness and dispatch.

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

### FLORAL

#### GREENHOUSES

ADJOINING "ARCHEDEACON'S HOTEL."

Orders will receive prompt attention, and plants be delivered free of charge to any part of the town.

### PURE WATER.

Driven wells, artesian wells, constructed in superior style, and pumps furnished. Work warranted. T. P. HEWITT.

#### Celebrated Cucumber Wood Pumps.

These Pumps are made in the most substantial manner from the best wild cucumber timber, for cheapness and durability are superior to any Wood Pump Manufactured. Put in wells and cisterns and warranted to give satisfaction by

HAYES AND TAYLOR.

PLUMBERS AND GASPETERS, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

#### A Fine Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods

May always be found at

#### MARTIN ZAHNLE'S

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON,

Bloomfield Centre, Adjoining Archdeacon's Hotel.

Customer Work carefully attended to.

#### J. BATZLE'S

#### BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,

Between Archdeacon's Hotel and Baptist Church.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Customer Work carefully attended to.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

JOHN E. OAKES,

Com. of Deeds.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.